

**WHAT IS BETTER ?**

AFTER all is said and done,  
 What is better than a row  
 (Please pronounce to rhyme with o)  
 In the pleasant morning sun,  
 With some bottled beer in tow;  
 With your luncheon in the stern,  
 Waiting for its happy turn;  
 And your fish-line hanging free  
 Where the shining sun fish be  
 And the water long-legs glide  
 Knowingly from side to side;  
 Where the shadows from the trees  
 Change their form with every breeze,  
 And the water murmurs long,  
 Like the cadence of a song—  
 What is better than to float  
 Smoothly in your well-rowed boat,  
 With a comrade near at hand  
 (Some green fellow from the land)  
 Who, like any ardent Turk,  
 Lets you loaf and does the work ?

L. M. SILL.

**ALLEGED WIT.**

It will please husbands to know that small checks will be in favour this season for ladies' dresses.

The man who loves tobacco only to smoke will take snuff when it comes to a pinch.

It is no consolation to a patient suffering from a severe cold in the head to be told that 'colds always attack the weakest spot.'

Two words may sometimes be a long sentence, to wit, when the judge says 'twenty years.'

A divorce will often make a woman's husband a different man.

'As long as a woman retains her maiden name,' says a philosopher, 'it is her maiden aim to change it.'

**WHO HE WAS.**

'You are travelling for your health, I presume?' remarked one Atlantic passenger to another.

'Yes, sir. I have hardly known a well day in six years.'

'Perhaps your business is too confining or exacting?'

'Oh, no. I am the proprietor of the celebrated No Plus Ultra specific for all the ills that flesh is heir to.'

**JUSTIFIABLY POSTPONED.**

MAMMA: 'What's the matter, Johnnie?'  
 Johnnie: 'Boo-hoo-oo! yesterday I fell down and hurt myself.'

Mamma: 'Well, what are you crying to day for?'  
 Johnnie: 'You weren't home yesterday.'



**HE KNEW HER.**

CLERK: 'A lady called to see you, sir, while you were out.'

Merchant: 'A lady—vat was she like.'

Clerk: 'Short and dark, with a scannin' her nose.'

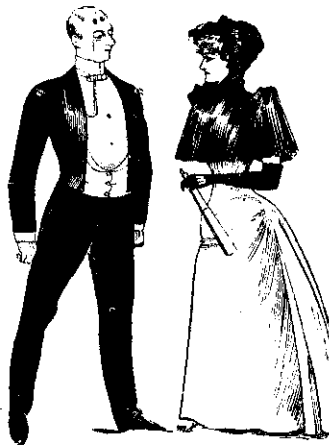
Merchant: 'Dat was no lady; dat was my wife.'

**THEIR GREAT GRIEF.**

'JAMES, dear,' said the young wife anxiously, as she kissed her husband, 'what did you do with that dress suit of yours I did up in paper this morning and left on the hall table?'  
 'Was that my dress suit?' he hysterically repeated.  
 'Why, I thought that was a bundle of old clothes you wanted me to give away, and I had my office boy take it around to the missionary society.'  
 With a piercing shriek she prostrated herself on the sofa.  
 'You little knew,' she sobbed pitifully, as she rocked to and fro in uncontrollable grief, 'that there was a piece of silk in that package that I wanted you to match for me.'

**AT THE MERCY OF ARITHMETIC.**

MAMMA: 'Ethel, is it possible that you let Mr Ashton know your age?'  
 Ethel: 'Yes.'  
 Mamma: 'My poor child you will never learn anything.'  
 Ethel: 'How can you object when I'm only seventeen.'  
 Mamma: 'Don't you see he can tell when you are twenty seven?'



**TIT FOR TAT.**

HE: 'Permit me, Mrs Widdy, to escort you home.'  
 SHE: 'No, thanks—you are too young.'  
 HE: 'Pardon me; I did not think you were so old.'

**A QUIET TIME.**

'MR AKENHEAD,' said the eminent specialist on nervous disorders, severely, 'it is useless for you to expect to derive benefit from my treatment unless you consent to follow my directions. I recommended you to go to the quiet hamlet of Lonesomehurst and spend at least six months in strict retirement, and yet I find you back in the turmoil and excitement of the city in less than four weeks.'

'The trouble, doctor,' replied the patient, 'is that the monotony of a quiet, uneventful country existence is more than I can endure.'

'In this short time we have had fourteen different cooks, one of whom was discharged for setting fire to the house while intoxicated, another for assaulting me with a frying pan, and a third for poisoning us, whether accidentally or maliciously I do not know.'

'I have been mixed up in four different runaway accidents, and twice bitten by dogs.'

'Because of my kindness of heart, I was drawn into an elopement episode which resulted in my being shot at and narrowly missed by the bride's father, who claimed that he was near-sighted and mistook me for the groom.'

'One night somebody hung a total stranger to a tree on the lawn. About the same time, a tramp burned the barn and several out-buildings. A large tree was blown down so near the house that the verandah roof was crushed in. I was arrested three times for unknowingly violating some of the rural laws. My wife's mother was thrown from a carriage in front of the house and fatally injured. There was a smallpox scare in the neighbourhood about half the time, and a mad dog fright every now and then.'

'Taking it all in all, I finally concluded that the turmoil and excitement of city life was less enervating than the peace and quiet of a monotonous country existence.'

**OH, LOR!**

HE (reading newspaper): 'Hullo! Notice is hereby given that no on account are any more dogs to be drowned in the river.'

SHE: 'I wonder why?'

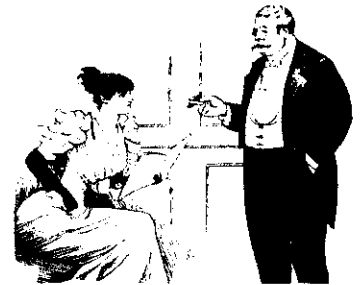
HE: 'Oh! I suppose they fear that so many sunken barrels will obstruct navigation.'

**CAVE CANEM.**

HAROLD: 'Bowleigh has joined the Kennel Club.'  
 PERCY: 'Yes. I knew he was going to the dogs.'

**MORE THAN HE ASKED FOR.**

'WHAT did he strike for?'  
 'Eight hours.'  
 'What did he get?'  
 'Three months.'



**HE WENT ACCORDINGLY.**

MR STAYLATE: 'As ladies' tastes differ considerably, I should like to hear from your own lips what kind of man you prefer, Miss Hinton?'  
 Miss Hinton (with a world of meaning in her yawn): 'One with some "go" in him, Mr Staylate.'

**IT REMAINED OPEN.**

BLOSSOM (to traveller sitting by open window): 'Excuse me, sir, but that open window is very annoying.'  
 Traveller (pleasantly): 'I'm sorry, but I'm afraid you'll have to grin and bear it.'  
 Blossom: 'I wish you would close it, sir.'  
 Traveller: 'Would like to accommodate you, but I can't.'  
 Blossom: 'Do you refuse to close that window, sir?'  
 Traveller: 'I certainly do.'  
 Blossom: 'If you don't close it, I will.'  
 Traveller: 'You won't!'  
 Blossom: 'If I go over there, I will!'  
 Traveller: 'I give you odds you won't!'  
 Blossom: 'I'll ask you once more, sir—will you close that window?'  
 Traveller: 'No, sir, I will not.'  
 Blossom (getting on his feet): 'Then I will, sir!'  
 Traveller: 'I would like to see you do it.'  
 Blossom (placing his hands on the objectionable window): 'I'll show you whether I will or not, sir!'  
 Traveller (as Blossom tugs at window): 'Why don't you close it?'  
 Blossom (getting red in the face): 'It appears to be stuck.'  
 Traveller: 'Of course it is. You see, I tried to close it before you came in.'

**LINGER LONGER, LU.**

LINGER longer, Lucy; linger longer, Lu,  
 You'd take the place of 'Daisy Bell' and 'Mrs 'Awkins,' too;  
 So linger longer, Lucy, there's one good thing—you're new;  
 Then linger longer, longer linger, linger longer, Lu!

**THEY WOULD DROP.**

'WHY do birds in their little nests agree?' asked the pretty school-ma'am of Freddy Fangle.  
 'Cause they'd fall out if they didn't,' Freddy replied.'

**COMPENSATING ADVANTAGES.**

MOTHER: 'Aren't you sorry for the little boy with his arm in a sling?'  
 Bobby: 'Y-y-yes, but just think what a pile of cand and such stuff he must get!'

**A NATURAL QUERY.**

'So that is a Venetian gonjola, is it?' said Skidmore when he visited the 'Queen of the Adriatic.'  
 'It is.'  
 'Venice the thing going to start?'



**PUTTING IT DOWN TO THE PERKS.**

MRS DE SWELLINGTON (very much décolleté): 'How do you like my new dress, dear?'  
 De Swellington: 'It fits you like a glove, but—well, I should certainly advise you to change your dressmaker.'  
 Mrs de Swellington: 'Good gracious, Bertie, why?'  
 De Swellington: 'Because she seems to have cabbaged so much of the material that if she'd taken a little more you'd have had nothing left!'